

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 624

As she reached out to take the blow-dryer, Sonia concurred, "That's what I'm thinking as well."

"Alright, dry your hair before you get some rest then. Don't catch a cold," Toby exhorted.

After acknowledging his words with a hum, she stood up and stepped aside to dry her hair.

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As she did so, he rested his head on his hand and watched her, never looking away for a second.

Now that she was unnerved by his stare, Sonia paused in her movements and asked, "Why are you staring at me?"

"Because you're good-looking," Toby answered earnestly as he sat up straight.

His unexpected compliment made her blush. "What a strange one you are."

With that, she turned away to ignore him before he could say anything lewder.

All of a sudden, he stood up and walked to her.

As he stood behind her, he raised a hand and caught hold of the blow-dryer in her hand.

Once again, Sonia froze. "What are you doing?"

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"Let me help you dry your hair." With that, Toby pulled the blow-dryer from her grip.

She immediately turned around with an outstretched arm as she intended to snatch the blow-dryer back. "There's no need. I can do something like this by myself."

"It's okay. You helped me to dry my hair earlier in the afternoon, so it's only fair for me to help you blow dry your hair."

After saying that, he pressed on the button for hot air, which caused the blow-dryer to whirl again and leaving her with no opportunity to refuse.

Noting Toby's insistence and not knowing what else to do, Sonia turned around and allowed him to do as he pleased.

Now that he stood behind her, he was a head taller than her. Thus, it was extremely easy for him to dry her hair. Even if he currently had only one functional arm, he could complete the task in a breeze.

Both of them remained silent as he helped her, and for a period of time, the noise of the blow-dryer was the only sound in the spacious living room.

It wasn't until Toby was satisfied that Sonia's hair was completely dry some ten minutes later that he turned off the blow-dryer and set it aside, saying gently, "It's done."

She lifted a hand in response and ran her fingers through her hair. Sure enough, her head was dry. As she was about to turn around and thank him, she suddenly felt something warm pressing against her back.

It was his chest.

Following that, he wrapped his arms around her from behind and tightened his grip on her waist to rest his chin on her shoulder. Then, he sniffed her neck and murmured hoarsely, “You smell lovely.”

All of sudden, Sonia felt incredibly tense, especially after hearing what he said.

That was because she suddenly once recalled watching a show on television where the leading characters stood in the same position as them now—the man held the woman from behind and told her that she smelled lovely—before they slept together.

Therefore, she was petrified that Toby’s actions would resemble what the man from the show did.

Thinking of that, she took a deep breath and said with a grave face and in a stern tone, “You best behave yourself, Toby. I’m not going to have sex with you.”

Upon hearing that, Toby instantly knew that she had misunderstood his intentions. With a slight raise of his eyebrow, he chuckled. “Relax, I’ll behave myself. Our relationship isn’t at that point yet, so I won’t do anything that troubles you. I simply wish to hold you.”

Sonia immediately let out a sigh of relief at his response.

It was a good thing he had no intention of having sex with her.

After all, if he truly wanted to get to it, she was no opponent of his and would have no way of resisting him.

Fortunately, he wasn’t such a man. Given the case, she wasn’t opposed to letting him hold her for a while.

And so, Sonia turned her head slightly to glance at him from the corner of her eye. “Alright. Just for a while.”

Toby lowered his head and brushed his lips across her hair while agreeing, "Okay."

Not saying anything more, she turned back and saw how well they matched each other from the reflection in the floor-to-ceiling windows. She had to admit that their silhouette looked rather attractive indeed.

As she realized what she was thinking, she blushed once again and lowered her head to reveal the fair skin of her nape.

Meanwhile, Toby nearly went cross-eyed from staring at her nape but could not bear to look away. He even thought about biting on her skin so that he could leave his own imprint on her.

However, he knew that she would be maddened if he had done such a thing.

Thus, he decided to resist the urge because he would be able to openly leave his mark wherever he wanted on her body in the future.

After being hugged for a few minutes, Sonia decided that she had enough and she bent her arm to nudge his waist with her elbow. "Are you done? Can you let go of me now?"

Although Toby was still somewhat reluctant, he respected her wishes and released her.

As she pulled away from him, she walked forward for a bit before turning to look at him. "It's getting late. You should get some rest. I'm tired as well. I'll see you tomorrow. Goodnight."

At that point, she waved awkwardly.

He nodded. "Goodnight. Rest well."

After giving him a smile, she headed toward her own room.

Of course his eyes followed her movement all the way until she opened the door, went inside, and closed the door. It was only then did he sit down and produce his cell phone to surf the web while he silently kept one eye on the time and calculated when she would fall asleep.

Toby decided that it was enough time and he pulled back the covers to sit up. When he looked at his wristwatch, he discovered that it was already 1:00AM. Surely she would be asleep by this time?

As he stared at Sonia's room door, his eyes flashed unreadably.

After that, he stood up, padded over to her room, and quietly opened the door.

The interior of the room was dark and silent. There was only a sliver of light from the nearby streetlamp spilling in from the floor-to-ceiling window to give him a vague idea of what the room looked like.

From his position, Toby could see a lump on the bed that was undoubtedly Sonia.

As he had anticipated, she was indeed asleep.

Toby finally relaxed and went toward the foot of the bed before circling to the other side to lift back the covers to lie down. Just like before, he pulled her into his arms and closed his eyes.

By now, he was already tired, and with the woman of his dreams in his arms, he fell asleep almost immediately.

Not long after he fell asleep, Sonia moved.

Since it wasn't comfortable for her to be in the same position for too long, she prepared to turn over.

Yet, she discovered that she was unable to turn over—as if there was something holding her down and trapping her in a small space, preventing her from moving.

What on earth was it?

Sonia immediately jerked back to consciousness and opened her eyes.

The interior of the room was currently still dark and she couldn't see anything. However, that didn't stop her from reaching down to see what on earth had trapped her.

The moment she did so, she found a hand that didn't belong to her on her waist.

The hand was well-defined and much larger than hers—clearly, it was a man's hand.

Since there was only one man in her apartment, it was as plain as day to her whose hand it was.

After figuring out that it was Toby who had her trapped, Sonia scowled bitterly.

How could he have the courage to sneak into her room after she fell asleep and climb into her bed?

For him to be unresponsive when she was now touching him obviously meant he had fallen asleep.

Based on that fact alone, she could tell Toby had been in her room for quite a while.

And yet, Sonia hadn't felt anything!

If he'd been a criminal, she wouldn't even have known how she died.

Pursing her lips, Sonia considered kicking him out of bed to teach him a lesson. Perhaps, in the future, he wouldn't be so bold.

Yet, right as she prepared to do so, she found herself unable to land the kick.

It was because her heart was already softening at the memory of his slightly tired face earlier in that afternoon.

She smiled sadly in resignation over her own softheartedness.

This man was destined to be the biggest bane of her life.

Ever since she had met him, she no longer had any rationality to speak of.